Can You Beat It? By Maurice Ketten

CONTRACTOR AND CONTRACTOR OF THE PROPERTY OF T The Secret in the Snow

A Girl's Weird Adventures In the Realm of Mystery

By Mildred Van Inwegen

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS, Katharine Kingsley some to spend a sinter workend at the Kingsley some to spend a sinter of Madge Stampton, whose mother is in charge of the club. Camdon Oarrol, a sultor of Madge, is also a guest there, as is Bob Tanner, an old sweetheast of Katharine's Camdon brings Madge a beautiful ambor chain. The Hampton buller creat the sift with strange interest, At dianer, on the crouning of Katharine's arrival, a woman's face—baggard and wild-sped—is seen peering in through a wisdow. Late that night the same taxed by the same continued that a myster's recently. The same to true. She investigates, only to be some convinced that a mystery hange over the bouse. Next creaing on a sleigh ride, Camdon drinks too much. There is an unpleasant scene. The following day, Katharine and Tanner chance of the matter of the special control of the service of the service

CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER XII.

OWARD the end of the afternoon Madge dropped into an exhausted sleep, and I felt free to go below. The house was very still, the living room deserted, but the sound of footetps issuing from the vicinity of the emoking room told me of somebody's presence. Flinging wide the door, I discovered Bob walking to and fro, his hands behind his back, and a big, black cigar protruding from his mouth.

We talked a little while before

adjourning into the living room, where I had!"

on the pillow-laden settle in front of the burning logs we could be more comfortable. Hardly had we scated ourselves when the doorbeil sounded toudly, and Henry appeared from the vicinity of the dining-room to an-

"What's that light?" was his unex-

"It comes from the county farm," The county farm, "The county farm," The murmured, "There is a door at the left of the servants non the farm from here? Doy at now, and one at the left of the servants non the farm from here? Doy at the servants non the liquid of th

ange a startled glance, and cry's eyes sought those of his min-us. But before I could observe more the sheriff was saying:

"Well, well, well! I seem to have found a hornet's nest." And turning to me he asked: "How do you know that Mr. Carrol saw a face?"

"Mol. It was Mr. Tanner."
"And where did Mr. Tanner come from?"
"From the living room, I believe."

"If there was, no one else saw it." "And what has all this to do with the murder?" asked Mrs. Hampton.
"It may have everything to do with it," was the Sheriff's enigmatic anlon, which for no reason at all set my heart to thumping, he put his hand in his pocket and drew something out. "Do any of you know this?" he asked, holding it up in the air.

There was a proper than a superclious fash. "Miss Hampton, standing at the head of the stairs and pointing across at the closet door, which was open." "What did she say?" "She was speechled."

There was a universal gasp. Then "Why," she cried, her eyes dilating, him in bowilderment, "I don't remem

And she snatched from his unre- that, sisting fingers a small piece of her amber chain—a strip scarcely five

CHAPTER XIII.

DON'T know what the sensations of the others were ered?" as they gazed on that frag-ment of chain, but never she'd gone out of her head.

Commence and a substantial and plexity, defeat and despair as I ex-

We talked a little while bef re added fervently: "I wish to Heaven

loudly, and Henry appeared from the vicinity of the dining-room to answer it.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Bob, with a chuckle, "It's his highness, the Sheriff!"

"I'd like to see every one in the house—servants and all!" announced the Sheriff as he entered; and presently, when the household was assembled, he began his interrogations.

The Sheriff began by asking who was the last person to see Camdon Carrol. As he paused, so as to put the question to each of us individually, Henry stepped forward and voluntered the information that he was the last who had seen the murdered man.

"That is, I think I was," he said, allowing the benefit of the doubt to sink in. "For every one else and stepped to bed when Mr. Carrol ordered me off."

"Ordered you off, you say?"

"Add to force his fingers from it."

Madage's face went white. My own felt even paler.

"You know I took off the chain, Kate," she said.

"But I don't know," I answered wretchedly. "I remember your wearing it at dinner, but I can't remember your taking it off."

"It was when we were dressing for the sleighride," she told me, and started to go on, when she stopped abruptly with: 'Off course you would not know. You were having hysterics about that time. In fact, I was in the very act of lifting the chain over my head when your shricks"—

"What's that?" quizzed the Sheriff.

"I had a bad scare." I informed him. Seized with a sudden desire to throw light on the mystery in the sleight on the mystery in the murder of Madge, I added: "I went into the hall closet upstairs and bumped into some one."

"Ordered you off, you say?"

"Yes."
"And why?"
"He was not himself. He had been drinking."
"Drinking. ch?"
"Yes, sir. He came home drunk."
"Came home drunk." The Sheriff was warming up. "And from where?
To you know?"
"The Sheriff the shricks?" he asked Madge.
"I ran into the hall closet upstairs and bumped into some one."
"Who was it?" snapped the Sheriff.
"That's just the trouble," I said. "I haven't the least idea."
"What did you do when you heard the shricks?" he asked Madge.
"I ran into the hall." Madge answered reluctantly.
"Does your room open directly on

"Tran into the hall." Madge angreed reductantly.

"Do you know?"
"Trom sleighing with Mr Robert and the young ladies."
"And where did he get the drink?"
"At Manor Inn." It was Bob who answered. "We stopped there for something hot and he ordered Scotch."
"Have you any idea why he should have taken so much last evening?"
"To steady his nerves, I think."
"And why do you think his nerves needed steadying?"
"He was suffering from a shock."
"A shock? What kind of a shock."
"A shock? What kind of a shock."
"Be thought he saw something at the window."
"One of those." Bob pointed to the long French windows opening on the light was deepening I doubt if be grouped from the hall by that route?" As a lack felt slipper which I found a sking: "Long enough so that If some one had been in the closet with Miss twilight was deepening I doubt if be grouped with the light which streamed through the succeeded in seeing much more than the light which streamed through the gloom from the tower of the county poor-farm.

"Wes, but I didn't use that door."
"Yes, but I didn't use that door."
"It don't know, unless it was habit unconsciously expressing itself."
"Habit?"
"Habit?"
"Habit?"
"Yes. Since Miss Kingsley's arritate bath were they?"
"In coherent nonsense, most of It.
"You saw samil private bath were they?"
"In coherent nonsense, most of It.
"You a small private bath were they?"
"In coherent nonsense, most of It.
"You a small private bath were they?"
"In coherent nonsense, most of It.
"You a small private bath were they?"
"In coherent nonsense, most of It.
"You a small private bath were they?"
"In coherent nonsense, most

Who carried Miss Kingsley to your

that Mr. Carrol saw a face?"

"Because he said he did."

"And was there a face?"

The Wingsley's cries?" the little man said.

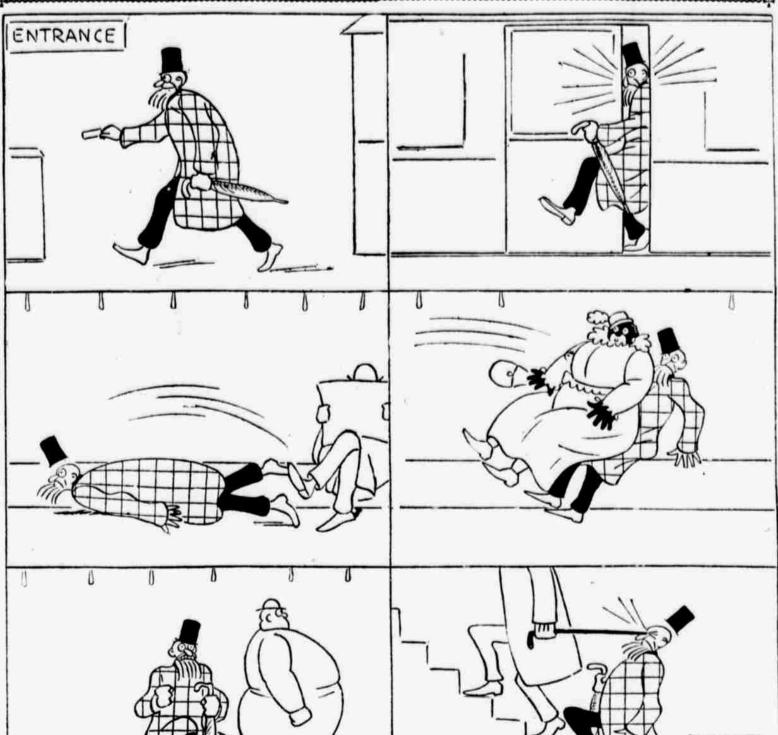
"It for man said."

"The first man said."

chain? "Her amber chain?" Bob stared at startled.

do I expect to experience "And why did you think that?"

do I expect to experience "Because of her wild gesticulating such a mixture of amazement, per- and the peculiar things she said."



"What's that light?" was his unexpected and, as I thought, irrelevant the person, if he did come out, could have immediately concealed hims the dege of the chair, rigid and tense. "The county farm?" he murmured. "The county farm?" he murmured. "The county farm?" he murmured. "There is a door at the left of the county farm?" he murmured.

"Why didn't you accept them, too?"
"They were too valuable."
"You infer, then, that the amber chain is not valuable?"

belonged to his grandmother."
"Ah! An heirloom!" The sheriff's
eyes gleamed softly. "And has this
heirloom a history?" history?" Madge murmured,

thure, an' I'm not all that's seen it.

It was more she touched half brought in from the ping on his face, "that the person half and thrown down on the cover who killed Camdon Carrol was wear's the swas gone in the mornin."

Could have been hair that needed ere's been quare goin's-on. Another seek of it, an' I should have been win'!"

There was deathlike silence. Madge, "No-o," I said deliberating. "It was more shudder was the one belonging to the right foot.

"More the length a woman would and thrown down on the cover who killed Camdon Carrol was wear's who killed Camdon Carrol was wear's "This is preposterous!" the Sheriff and—and we found the chain at Cam was continued in group and the cover who killed Camdon Carrol was wear's "The sheriff turned back to Madge.

"It was more shudder the save would only shake my bead.

"Y-yes."

"This is preposterous!" the Sheriff and—and we found the chain at Cam was wear's "The sheriff turned back to Madge.

"The sheriff turned back to Madge.

"It was more shudder the beads before her"

"The sheriff turned back to Madge.

ing forward on the table, cried:

"Let me alone! Let me alone! I blink an eye he pulled out a pair of the would say, but, as she backed from the room, she added: "I'll have cacuse, but if possible to clear you of this crime; and I can't do so unless you will answer the questions I must ask."

"I can't! I can't!" Vada.

Sheriff.

"About \$ o'clock, I believe."

"Sheriff!" he cried harshly; and as "You aren't really arresting him.

"Sheriff!" he cried harshly; and as "You aren't really arresting him.

"Sheriff!" he cried harshly; and as "You aren't really arresting him."

"Sheriff!" he cried harshly; and as "You aren't really arresting him." present and listened to the usual present and listened

for your amber chain?" He was addressing Madge.

He dangled the beads before her than cry.

He dangled the beads before her swered:

"It was a gift from Mr. Carrol."

"A recent gift?"

"Very. He presented it to me two mights ago."

"His first gift to you?"

"The first I accepted."

"We are too valuable."

"Yea," she said, almost inaudibly, "Why didn't you accept them too?"

"You infer, then, that the amber chain in your room when you were gone?"

"No on accould have stolen it while you were gone?"

"They were too valuable."

"You infer, then, that the amber chain in your room when you were gone?"

"No on accould have stolen it while you were gone?"

"Madge was breaking fast.

"No one could have stolen it while you were gone?"

"Madge pulled herself together for a minute. An electric flash passed between her and her mother, and I felt that in some way Henry was included. Then, in a scarcely audible whisper, she said again.

"Not particularly so."

"Have you any idea where belonged to his grandmother."

"Ah! An heirloom!" The sheriffs

"Ah! An heirloom!" The sheriffs pursued her reientiessly.

"Well well see! The court will made the little man. Your land when it you laik, even if I can't; and when it you laik, even if I can't; and when it you laik, even if I can't; and when it you laik, even if I can't; and when it you laik, even if I can't; and when it you laik, even if I can't; and when it you laik, even if I can't; and when it you laik, even if I can't; and when it you laik, even if I can't; and when it you laik, even if I can't; and when it you laik, even if I can't; and when it you laik, even if I can't; and when it you laik, even if I can't; and when it you laik, even if I can't; and when it you laik, even if I can't well seel the loss on you, you lile with you don't seem to hob.

"The had tried to make others?"

"I don't know! Oh, I don't know!"

"The chad tried to make others?"

"The one divided the little man. Oh, how lattle easier with you and it is unred to Rob.

"Mr. Tanner," he said, "are you "I both

"A history" Madge murmured, inim to be wide remained that it may be a stated of the was hard to make the many of the closer and finding Mass Kinsely on the floor."

"What do you remember?"

"Running to the closet and finding Mass Kinsely on the floor."

"Was she unconscious?"

"When the picked her up, yes; but she recovered almost immediately."

"When the picked her up, yes; but she recovered almost immediately."

"When the she wild mediately."

"To will to his mind. When you placed almost immediately."

"To will to his mind. When you placed almost immediately."

"To will to his mind. When you placed almost immediately."

"To will to his mind. When you placed almost immediately."

"To will to his mind. When you placed almost immediately."

"To will to his mind. When you placed almost immediately."

"To will to his mind. When you placed almost immediately."

"To will to his mind. When the rest of those are reading good of the his many questions readily enough. He answered the many one as thoroughly as at that mount of the body, leaving out to he brough it to his mind. But after that his answers allow and cave and in my chair, while Madge on black and covered in my chair, while Madge of the had some."

The Coroner's inquest was set for the associated to croner's prelimitation, it occurred to me that the trinket might have a mount of the body, leaving out the body, leaving out the body, leaving out the body, leaving out the body leaving out the body leaving out the body leaving out the brought it to his mind. But after that his answers allowed."

"The Coroner's inquest was set for the associated to croner's indust was set for the law of the body leaving out the hours, and that dom not not occurs, to the wint whem?" I de manded. The will all the head son. This to revent whem the death at will not clear, you will answer the questions I due to every wint of the wint of the wint on the clear that his and cowered from the clear that he asked to sunless the wint of the wint of the broad in my chair, while Madge on the c

EXIT

CHAPTER XIV.

Dear girl. The slight stress he that the deceased and Bob had always been on the best of terms, and ways been on the best of terms, and the best of terms, and w

************************** Suppose you should find the clue to untold wealthand at the same time to untold peril? You might perhaps have the pluck to solve the prob-

lem as did the hero of THE MESSAGE

By LOUIS TRACY

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD

Do you remember "The Wings of the Morning," by the same author? It was one of the most popular novels ever published in The Brening World. :: :: Well "THE MESSAGE" is better than "The Wings of the Morning." This is sufficient proof that IT IS WORTH YOUR READING.

like. His opinion was that we were all suffering from a form of hysteria brought on by too high living. Thanks, Henry! He was dismissed.

Madge, very beautiful and pale, repeated her evidence of the afternoon before. She stated positively that she had removed her chain before the sleigh-ride, and left it on her dressing table. Denied having quarrelled with Camdon, but admitted that his behavior during the ride had greatly shocked and distressed her. Denied ever having been engaged to him. Refused to state whether or not she had not been aware of any mystery in the Cotage. Nor could she account for the ghost Nora and Camdon and I had seen. No: she hadn't the remotest idea when or how her chain had disappeared. Didn't know what to make of Mr. Tanner, but couldn't believe that he had committed the murder, though evidence might point that way.

Mrs. Hampton had little to say. She declared that she was too much grieved and overcome to be capable of any opinion on the subject. Couldn't towards when bot had drepeated his assertion that the weapon was not his.

Mrs. Hampton had little to say. She declared that she was too much grieved and overcome to be capable when Bob had repeated his assertion of any opinion on the subject, that the weapon was not his.

"Bring me my bag and I will," Bob Couldn't imagine who had killed Cam-don Carrol. Couldn't imagine how a piece of her daughter's chain had Son

"You always remove ornaments when you go sleighing?"
"Not necessarily."
"Not necessarily."
"Then why should you have taken the precaution to do so last night?"
"I should hardly call it precaution."
"I should hardly call it precaution."
"What would you call it?"
"I should hardly call it precaution."
"What would you call it?"
"I should hardly call it precaution."
"What would you call it?"
"I should hardly call it precaution."
"I should hardly call it precaption."
"I should hardly call

and thrust it under my nose. It was by this new and totally unlooked for a revolver!

"Perhaps now you'll talk!" he anxiety and apprehension on his face.

Shrilled.

Gone his smiling case, gone, too, his

My first impulse was to laugh, the air of confidence.

and re-enter.

Henry came first. He asserted that he was the last person to see Camdon Carrol; that he had left him dicioking in the smoking room. No, Camdon and Mr. Tanner had not quarrelled, but they had had words—about Mr. Carrol's excessive drinking, he believed. Yes, he had observed Mr. Tanner's departure for bed. No, he had not heard him come down again, but it was quite possible for him to have done so later, for he, Henry, had retired immediately.

Yes, his bedroom was on the first floor, across the passage from the one Mr. Carrol's not he he had not gone into Mr. Carrol's and he had not gone into Mr. Carrol's no he had not considered such orders queer at the time, but they did seem a little so now.

His knew nothing about the amber his overcoat, and he creeping in hattad and coated in the small hours of that fatal night! With a moan I covered fatal night! With a moan I covered fatal night!

they did seem a little so now.

Its knew nothing about the amber chain, save that he had been present when Mr. Carrol gave it to Miss Margaret. Yes, she had seemed delighted. Yes, she had seemed delighted. Yes, she was wearing it the night of the murder—at least, she wore it to dinner. After that he couldn't say.

No, he had not noticed anything queer or mysterious in the Cottage, such as visions and ghosts and the like. His opinion was that we were all suffering from a form of hysteria distress! That's what they called it brought on by too high living.

plece of her daughter's chain had come to be in the dead man's hand. Some one was despatched to the Couldn't imagine who had been stealing about the Cottage and giving every one such scares.

Sadd.

Some one was despatched to the Sheriff's quarters, whither, the night before, Bob's belongings had been taken—in the hope, no doubt, that

My first impulse was to laugh, the action seemed so absurd, so utterly theatrical. To be threatened at the point of a gun! But all at once I realized that he wasn't threatening. He was showing me the revolver, and showing it with a purpose.

"High!" he blustered, angered by the failure of the stroke. "You think you can bluff it out, do you? You think you can put it over! Well, we'll see! We'll show this to him, and then it will be a different story."

Turning, he gave the Sheriff orders to bring in the prisoner.

all of confidence.

But in spite of this, in spite of the coroner's eneers and the unspoken in spite of all the facts which pointed to his guilt, even in spite of my own inner knowledge—my glimpse of him on the stairway landing—I refused to believe him guilty. For in that mement, with the air charged with suspicion and stifing with ill feeling. I realized that I loved him—loved him as never before or again would I be able to love anybody. And love, they say, is blind.

to bring in the prisoner.

A stir surged over the room. The country people craned their necks forward. Even the reporters picked up interest. And I, with my heart in my threat and my eyes riveted to the door, watched the Sheriff disappear—only for they were not out a quarter hour; and when they out a quarter hour; and when they Bob came in cheerfully—almost too returned, in spite of the very doubt-cheerfully. I thought—smiled at ful and conflicting evidence, they made and her mother and myself gave it as their unbiased opinion that and sat down as unconcernedly as if Camdon Carrol had met his death at